



# Blather



117 5 9

## Chapter 1 by Luke Meyers

I painted myself blue the day the nozzle came out. I asked the sturgeon, "Why are the daffodils so sad?" He nodded agreeably at me, but said nothing; to be expected. Fleeing the bonds of my arbiters, I arranged a special family visit with the incarcerated geese. They were unflappable as always, and proffered me their proxy if I promised to pay their bill. This proved to be the genesis of my undooring.

## Chapter 2 by intellikat



As I pen this now, it pains me to no undying. Tidying up the room was not the half of it, and yet if the shoe fits, whereabouts and wherefore art thou? Pen ultimate, intrinsically subaltern. I casually tendered promiscuity. It was my last grasp. My strong swan. What would she spy?

## Chapter 3 by Windlion



The mug is upside down. I hope there was a wormhole under it, because you can't mop up tatami. My shoes are missing, where did they go? Maybe they are in a dark corner with the wormhole, drinking my eggnog and conspiring to face unafraid the plans that they made.

## Chapter 4 by Nobot



Theories of an intertwine-able blanket cover my mind as I further this nest of penned out complexes sickened within my soul. If my soul can be covered by a blanket at all, or am I destined to drink out of this upside down mug forever? Maybe the wormhole and my shoes are laughing

at me as mug and I are helpless in this sea of eggnog as their plans of colluding slowly portray the tatami that I cannot mop up.

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